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THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

The bluebird sings. His trill of hope
Comes ringing down yon snowy slope
To say: "Cheer up; cheer up; 'tis spring.
I bear her greeting on my wing."

Good-bye to winter, stern and cold;
Good-bye to sorrows, new and old;
Welcome to hope and warmth and cheer,
The bluebird sings and spring is here.

How soon each frost-bound field and wood
Will hear his prophecy of good.
Now buds may swell, now sap may flow,
And happy brooks may seaward go.

A thousand thousand sleeping things
Waken when first the bluebird sings,
And 'neath the sheltering turf begin
With joy their rainbow-robes to spin.

What hear I in this clear refrain?
The gladdening sound of April rain,
The flow of waves, the hum of bees,
The gossip of the woodland trees.

I shut my eyes and listen. Lo!
Sunshine above and bloom below.
No winds to vex, no rime to wrong—
A world of beauty and of song.

A prophet's voice, so sweet, so strong,
Though wait the glad fulfillment long,
Hope, ever trustful, trusts anew
And holds the blessed promise true.

The sun is hid. The clouds hang low
With sullen threats of drifting snow,
And in the leafless boughs I hear
The North Wind sound his bugle clear.

But since I've heard the bluebird sing,
No matter what the days may bring;
The wintry winds may wake or sleep,
My heart with Spring her tryst will keep.
—*Lucia Clark, in Chicago Current.*

REAL LIVE COWBOYS.

On the Drive, in the Camp and at the Round-Up.

Men Who Daily Risk Life and Limb in the Performance of Duty—Cowboys Graduates of Colleges—Some Mistakes Corrected.

"Do I know the cowboys? Young man, I think I do. When you have worked with them, camped with them, and been among them for years on the drive, on the plains, and on and off duty, you might say you know them."

The speaker was Henry Exall, a Texas cattleman, who has been spending several days in the city at the Seventh Avenue Hotel.

"The Texas cowboy," he continued, "is the most thoroughly misunderstood man, outside of the localities where he is known, on the face of the earth. I know him in all his alleged terrors, and as a class there are no nobler-hearted or honorable men in the world. Brave to rashness and generous to a fault, if you should be thrown among them you would find them ever ready to share their last crust with you, or lie down at night with you on the same blanket.

"Why, young man, see here," and the Texas man twitched his chair around until he could put his foot upon a window sill. "Say that I have 10,000 cattle which I am about to send overland from Texas into Montana to fatten for the market. Those cattle will be on the drive from the 1st of April until the middle of September. They are divided into three herds, with a dozen or sixteen men with each herd. I entrust those cattle in the hands of a gang of cowboys. For six months I know absolutely nothing of my stock. I trust their honesty to the extent of many thousands of dollars without a contract, without a bond, with no earthly hold upon them legally or morally beyond the fact that I am paying them $35 or $40 a month to protect my interests. And these are the men pictured in the East as outcasts of civilization. I trust absolutely to their judgment in getting those cattle through a wild and unbroken country without loss or injury. I trust as absolutely to their bravery and endurance in the face of danger."

"Danger?"

"Danger! Yes, indeed. A man to be a cowboy must be a brave man. For instance, we are on a drive. These slab-sided, long-horned Texas cattle are as wild as deers naturally, and, being in an unknown country, are as nervous and as timid as sheep. The slightest noise may startle them into a stampede. We have been on the drive all day and night is coming on. It is cold and raining. We have reached the point where we intend to round up for the night. The men commence to ride around the drove, singing, shouting, and whistling to encourage the animals by the sounds they are familiar with, and to drown any noise of an unusual character which might provoke a stampede. Round and round the cattle they ride until the whole drove is traveling in a circle. Slowly the cowboys close in on them, still shouting and singing, until finally the cattle become quiet, and after a time lie down and commence chewing their cuds with apparent contentment. A stampede of cattle is a terrible thing to the cowboys, and may be brought on by the most trivial cause. The slightest noise of an unusual nature, the barking of a coyote, the snap of a pistol, the crackling of a twig will bring some wild-eyed steer to his feet in terror. Another instant and the whole drove are panting and bellowing in the wildest fear. They are ready to follow the lead of any animal that makes a break. Then the coolness and self-possession of the cowboy is called into play. They still continue their wild gallop around the frightened drove, endeavoring to reassure them, and quiet them once more. May be they will succeed after an hour or two, and the animals will again be at rest. But the chances are that they can not be quieted so easily. A break is made in some direction. Here comes the heroism of the cowboy. These cattle are as blind and unreasoning in their fright as a pair of runaway horses. They know no danger but from behind, and if they did they could not stop for the surging sea of maddened animals in the rear. A rocky gorge or a deep-cut canon may cause the loss of half their number. Those in the rear can not see the danger, and the leaders can not stop for those behind, and are pushed on to their death. A precipice may lie in their way over which they plunge to destruction. It matters not to the cowboy. If the stampede is made, the Captain of the drove and his men ride until they head it, and then endeavor to turn the animals into a circuit once more.

"A hole in the ground, which catches a horse's foot, a stumble and the hoofs of three thousand cattle have trampled the semblance of humanity from him. He knows this. A gulch or gorge lies in their path. There is no escaping it. There is no turning to the right or left, and in an instant horse and rider are at the bottom, buried under a thousand cattle. But what of it? It is only a cowboy, and they come cheap. But history records no instance of more unquestioning performance of duty in the presence of danger than these men undergo on every drive. Should the stampede be stopped there is no rest for the drivers that night, but the utmost vigilance is required to prevent a recurrence of the break from the frightened cattle. This may happen hundreds of times on a single drive.

"I remmember one instance, which, from the friendship in which I held the victim, has made a lasting impression on me. Two brothers were together on the drive. Both men had been educated in an Eastern college, but for some reason had drifted to the cattle plains of Texas and had become cowboys. The elder was the captain of the drive. Sitting about the camp-fire one night, the younger was disheartened about something and finally said: "Charlie, let's throw up this drive. I don't want to go. I feel that one or the other of us will never go back. I am ashamed of this, but I can not shake it off." His brother was impressed by his seriousness, but could only say, 'George, here are 3,000 cattle in my charge. I could not leave them if I knew that I would be killed to-morrow.' 'A stampede!' cried one of the men. In an instant they were all at their animals, saddles were adjusted and away they went. The Captain gained the head of the drive and had succeeded in turning them a little when his horse stumbled. In another instant horse and rider could hardly have been distinguished from one another. So you see there is some responsibility upon the men.

"These wild cattle away from home are as variable as the wind, and when frightened are as irresistible as an avalanche. The slightest thing stampedes them. For instance: We have rounded up the drive and the cattle are lying down. I am one of the men detailed to ride around them. Finding them all quiet I get off my horse to light my pipe. Relieved of my burden, the horse rests himself at a stake. The whole drove is on their feet in an instant listening to discover from what quarter the noise came. No one can foresee which way they will make the break, and only the utmost self-possession and good judgment on the part of the men on duty will prevent a general stampede. That is the class of men cowboys are made of, and I never knew of many instances where they failed to do their duty."

The enthusiastic Texan had now warmed up to this subject, and when asked: "Where are the cowboys recruited from?" replied:

"From all parts of the world. Some from the plains, where their toys in infancy are the miniature lariat and a shotgun. Some from Mexico, with many of their half Indian characteristics, and many from the East. I know a dozen college graduates who cowboys, and have become so infatuated with the life that I suppose they will never leave it until the final grand round-up.

There is another interesting period in the life of a cowboy," continued Mr. Exall, "and that is in the spring round-up. In the fall the cattle stray away, and in working away from the storms they sometimes get away 100 miles or so. Each cattle owner has his own particular brand on his cattle. Well, the ranchmen in some natural division of the country will organize a grand round-up in the spring. The cowboys will drive the cattle all in together in one big drove. Then the Captain of the round-up will direct the owner of Ranch A to 'cut' out his cattle. One of A's most experienced men will then ride into the drove until he sights an animal with A's brand on. Deftly he will drive the animal to the outer edge of the herd, and then with a quick dash runs the beast out away from the drove and it is taken in charge of by others of A's ranchmen, while the cutter goes back after another. After some fifteen or twenty minutes A's cutter will be taken off and B's given a chance. This will be continued until each ranch has its cattle cut out. If any cattle are found without a brand they are killed for the use of the men on the round-up. This 'cutting' is a work requiring great skill and experience, and frequently requires the use of the lariat. Often cattle with a strange brand are found. If anyone recognizes the brand, ranchmen living nearest the owner take charge of it and notify the owner. If no one recognizes the brand the Captain of the round-up advertises it, and if no owner is found, it is sold at auction for the benefit of the Cattlemen's Association.

"These things will go to show the responsibilities resting upon these men. They have to be men of integrity and reliability, and their labors are such that you can readily see they can not be very dissipated. I will tell you how they get the reputation for recklessness. We will suppose these men have been on a drive for six months, and have finished and been paid off. Then they are just like any other body of men, they go in for some fun, and on their lark ride yelling through the streets of some little town, shoot a few lamps out or get into a saloon row. It is no more than a band of college boys at Harvard, or Cornell, or Princeton might do, and frequently do, but some imaginative correspondent immediately sends it to some Eastern paper, where it comes out headed "Another Cowboy Outrage," and giving a wholly fictitious account of the battle between the outlaws and the citizens. Now, I know hundreds of cowboys who never carry a revolver, and if you should go among them today your life and your pocketbook would be as safe as it is in the city. They have strict ideas of honor and they stand upon their honor. You won't find any of them who would be safe to impose upon, nor will you find any of them who will attempt to impose on you. They are off duty, a lot of big-hearted, rough boys, as ready for a lark as any other boys, but they are not outlaws or outcasts. They are not the class of men who rob trains or hold up people crossing the plains, and I believe that, taken for all in all, the American cowboy will compare favorably in morals and manliness with any similar number of citizens, taken as a class.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

SELF CONFIDENCE.

Some Sensible Advice to a Boy—Proper Self-Esteem.

Self-esteem is a good thing, my boy, but you don't want too much of it. enough of anything is enough, and no matter how good a thing is, too much is more than you need, and self-esteem is no exception to the rule.

It is all well enough for a man to hold his head up, and step around with an air of considerable importance, if he is really doing any good to the world by living in it. But if he has never done anything to be proud of, or anything to win the esteem of others, he shows a want of sense in being too proud of himself. Of course, a man wants to possess self-confidence, and he wants to think that he is just as good as anybody, but he don't need to think that the welfare of mankind hinges on his action, or that the world rests on his shoulder. That is too much of a responsibility for any one man to assume, and besides other people would want a say in the matter, and everything might not go on peaceably.

While it is all well enough for a man to have a good opinion of himself, and feel that he is able to go it alone, he should be careful not to go too far. Self-esteem is like mince pie, all right in moderate quantities, but seven or eight slices is all one should indulge in at a time. A man has to assume an air of some importance in this world to get along, but the trouble is, too many slop over.

This is a big world, my boy, and no man is imperatively necessary to its success. Presidents, Kings and school-directors may die, but still the old world goes round. Governors may resign, road-overseers may move away, but the great mass of mankind never stop to weep. Mary Walker, Yseult Dudley, Ben Butler and other noted men may pass away, but the old world will still swing around the circle as though nothing had happened. When you and I pass off this stage of action, my boy, there will be several people, perhaps, who will not miss us.

The man who has self-confidence, and who starts out in life confident of his ability to perform great deeds, and who has the nerve to try, and keep trying, will eventually succeed. But before he achieves success he is apt to get a great deal of self-conceit knocked out of him. There are young men who have an idea that the world is very much in need of their services, and grand positions are standing open just ready for them to step right in, and that all they will have to do will be to reach forth, and grasp great fame, honor and riches at one fell swoop. But in the course of time they are pretty sure to wake up to the cold knowledge that things are not so.

Many a young man, my boy, has an idea that the eyes of the world are fixed admiringly on him, when in reality his neighbors are keeping a lookout to prevent his getting in debt to them. Many a woman imagines the eyes of her sex are gazing with envy on her beauty, when in truth they are only looking at the mole on her nose. Mankind is queer, my boy, and appearances are deceiving. When you think people are applauding your wisdom they may only be giving you taffy and laughing at your ignorance.

Don't bank too much on your self-importance. Remember that the dignified citizen is just as liable as any other to slip up on the banana-peel, and that a dog with a can tied to his tail is just as apt to run between the legs of the most pompous individual as any. Have faith in yourself, and have confidence and self-pride, but at the same time keep a lookout for sharpers. Remember that there are plenty of other men who know as much as you do, and some of them may know more.

It is not well to debate in your mind whether or not you will accept a seat in Congress, when you do not know that you could secure a nomination for justice of the peace. If you do you are liable to be disappointed. And this reminds us that much of our disappointment comes of our expecting too much of ourselves.

The world is full of young men who rate themselves at about four hundred cents on the dollar, when they are not actually worth over ten cents on the dollar. Such men have got to come to a knowledge of their true worth, and it takes them a long time to do it. They have to be knocked down a great many times before they will stay down. There are men who feel very important, and who seem to believe that the world sways at their command, who attract attention by the aroma of their feet and the smell of their breath.

My boy, remember that this is a big world, and that spread yourself as you will—gain all the name and fame possible—reach as far to the front as you can, and still you have succeeded in attracting the attention of but few. And when you die millions of eyes will never shed a tear, and millions of tongues will never speak your name. Your children will quarrel over your wealth, the lawyers will gobble it, and the world will soon forget you.—*Thomas P. Monfort, in Peck's Sun.*

The Bible in Olden Times.

In 1274 a Bible sold for 50 marks—£33 6s. and 8d. The price of wheat was 3s. and 4d. a quarter, a laborer's wages halfpence a day, and a harvestman's 2d. So that the value of the Bible sold for 50 marks was equal to the value of 200 quarters of wheat or the pay of 4,000 harvesters for one day. In 1429 a copy of Wycliffe's New Testament was 4 marks and 40 d.—£2 16s. and 8d. In 1433 the sum of £66 13s. was paid for transcribing a copy of the works of Nicholas de Lyra, which was chained in the library of the Gray Friars. The price of wheat at that time was 5s. and 4d. the quarter, the wages of a ploughman a penny a day, and of a stonecutter 4d.—*N. Y. Post.*

THE ART OF THE BAKER.

An Improvement in the Methods of Making Cakes—The Latest Novelties.

Fine cake-making is not a secret, but it is manifestly an art. The regulation old-time pound-cake, and jumbles are still to be seen, but they no longer hold the palm. Even the delicious sponge cake, so delightful in childhood's memory, now takes a modest back seat before the appearance of the multitude of other light, feathery loaves and layer cakes.

"We sell on an average about $600 worth of cake each month," said a young lady behind the small counter of a place where genuine domestic compounds in the way of bread, cake, preserves, etc., are offered for sale. "The demand is about equal for delicate loaf cakes and layer cakes. We have some call for old-fashioned fruit cake, but there are several fruit cakes made now much lighter and less indigestible that really taste nicer, too, and they seem to be preferred. We keep that old-time stand-by, pound cake, on hand always, too. Layer cakes are filled with everything—jellies, chocolate, nuts, creams, and fruit. A favorite cake is the one made with English walnuts. A new cake is called 'walnut cream,' the flavor being in the filling. Another new cake is 'pincapple.' The canned fruit is used, being chopped fine and mixed with frosting for the filling. 'Pinafore' cake is made with alternate layers of pink and white icing, the pink being given its tint by using a few drops of the fruit coloring that can be bought at any grocer's. 'Dolly Varden' cake is the same thing except that instead of pure white icing chocolate is mixed with it. The lighter and more delicate cake can be made the better it is liked. Consequently the greasy loaves, heavy with good butter, which our mothers were taught to consider the proper temptation to place before company, no longer have an existence. The cake made now is mostly harmless to the most delicately organized stomachs, but it's awfully expensive to make.

"But few ornamented cakes are used by Americans except on some pronounced festal occasion like a wedding, and not always then. The Germans make the most use of ornamental cakes, but the cake is very light. Some of the ornaments designed to make the tops of cakes glorious are indeed of fearful and wonderful construction. I saw a lot the other day—four or five hundred. There were those not more than an inch high, and some queer constructions at least three feet tall. One had the form of the trunk of a palm tree given it, with an immense, bushy head composed of trailing rose vines, with silver leaves and orange buds. Beneath it stood a winged figure arrayed in a cloak—a la Hamlet—and engaged in the act of hurling forth a crown of thorns. It was a touching matrimonial symbol. Then there were hands clasping hands, some tinted flesh color, with the most miraculous cuffs and frills about the wrists. Of course there were marriage-bells and horse-shoes without number and of considerable price. There were brides whose candy heads and sugar features were shaded by little veils. Think of a bride standing on a cake! But more effective than the bride alone were the representatives of the bride and bridegroom; he was clothed in the prescribed full dress black suit, with gloves, and shirt-front as immaculate as the confectioner's art could manufacture for him from sweet stuffs.

"The German people sometimes use colored flowers on cakes for special occasions, but not for weddings. Many Americans, however, consider cakes ornamented in any way suggestive of being a thing to gaze upon and not to eat, in very bad taste, and seldom use them. It is generally understood, even by the buyers of these decorated loaves, that being for ornamentation they are of inferior quality. Chicago people buy a large quantity of nice cake, and we could sell far more than we do if we had stores in different sections of the city. It is a field of enterprise open to any woman who knows how to bake skillfully, and I'm sure I don't know why more do not venture upon it."—*Chicago News.*

SPIT UPON.

A Central African Custom Which is Not Considered an Indignity.

Most people consider it one of the worst of indignities to be spit upon, and yet, according to Mr. Thomson, spitting has a very different signification with the Masai of Central Africa from that which is given to it elsewhere. With the Masai it expresses the greatest goodwill and the best of wishes.

"It takes the place of the compliments of the season, and you had better spit upon a damsel than kiss her. You spit when you meet, and you do the same on leaving. You seal your bargain in a similar manner. As I was a lybon (medicine man) of the first water, the Masai flocked to me as devotees would do to springs of healing virtue, and with the aid of occasional draughts of water I was equal to the demand.

"The more copiously I spat upon them, the greater was their delight; and with pride they would relate to their friends how the white medicine-man honored them, and would point with the greatest satisfaction to the ocular proof of the agreeable fact. It was certainly rather drying work for me when I had a large number to operate upon, and I required the aid of bullets and stones in my mouth to stimulate the production of the precious fluid.

"However, their simple faith in the efficacy of it made me suppress my feelings, and give them pleasure. How could I, for instance, resist the upturned face of a Masai maid; and what better reward could I have than her delighted and grateful glance when I expectorated upon the little snub nose so eagerly presented?"—*Youth's Companion.*

—A wealthy and well-known manufacturer of Paterson, N. J., was arrested in New York City the other evening on a charge of drunkenness. He offered to pay any amount of fine or to give $100,000 security, but he was locked up for the night.—*N. Y. Sun.*

NO FLAT-IRONS IN CHINA.

How the Chinaman Took to the Laundry Business.

Many people believe that the average Chinaman of New York comes over from the Flowery Kingdom an adept laundryman. Nothing is more opposed to the truth. In China there are no cuffs, collars or shirt-bosoms whatever. Ironing is an unknown art. Bleaching is effected by leaving the cotton, linen or silk in the sunshine. A flat-iron, therefore, is in China a *rara avis*. As washing is a purely physical labor, involving no intelligence whatever, the social status of a laundryman in the Middle Kingdom is the lowest possible. His pay there averages about ten cents a day. In the United States this condition of affairs is reversed; laundry work is a fine art, and the pay seldom falls below $15 a week. The origin of the Chinese laundry in America is quite odd. When gold was discovered in California the news spread all over the world, and in due time reached China. As told by gossips and as published in the newspapers and magazines of that land, there was far across the ocean a country in which the mountains were solid gold, and in which the poorest laborer could easily earn twenty taels ($28) a day. This news to a populace whose daily toil brought in from eight to thirty cents a day was a revelation. All who could beg or borrow the necessary cash set sail for the Golden Gate. Upon this came the contracts from the railroad builders of the West. They could not obtain American laborers for less than $5 a day; but they could bring over unlimited numbers of Chinese for almost any price. Mongolians have been imported from Hong Kong and Canton time and again for $12 a month and board. This movement culminated in the building of the Union and Central Pacific. These employed over 10,000 Chinamen. For several years mining and railroad construction gave employment to the multitudes of Mongols who flocked to these shores. They all did well and their letters to their homes, and more especially their continual remittances served to increase the desire to emigrate to the United States. Then came a sudden change. Mines and mining became unpopular and to a certain extent unprofitable. Railroad construction dropped off seventy-five per cent. As a result tens of thousands of Chinese were thrown out of employment. In a strange land, confronted by a language and customs whose genius was diametrically opposed to their own, they were without warning thrown on their own resources. Many adapted themselves to their new surroundings and became cooks, nurses, domestics, street-sweepers and expressmen. The majority, however, became laundrymen. Wah Lung, of San Francisco, noticed in 1852 that all Americans who had money wore white starched linen and paid enormous prices to washerwomen for washing and ironing. He opened up a laundry in consequence, and by charging lower rates than his competitors succeeded in building up a large and remunerative business. His friends and relatives soon followed his example and enjoyed a similar success.

GRANT'S LOVE FOR HORSES.

His Skill as a Bareback Rider While a Boy Still Remembered.

Grant's love for horses is a matter of history. He was a fine horseback rider as a boy at his little country home in Georgetown, O., through which he loved to ride standing on his bare feet on a sheepskin tied to the back of his horse. The only thing he really excelled in at West Point was his riding. He was the most daring rider of the school, and in jumping the bar the officers who were accustomed to hold the bar over which the horses were to go as low as their waists for the others, put it up even with and above their heads when it was Grant's turn to jump. He saved his life in Mexico by his riding abilities by throwing himself at the side instead of staying on the back of his horse, and when he was in the White House his horses were the wonder of Washington.

Grant's Arabian horses are, I think, on General Beal's farm, near Washington. They were given him by the Sultan while he was in Turkey, in 1878. The Sultan had taken him over his palaces and grounds, and finished up with his stables. He had his attendants show off his finest horses, and asked Grant to pick out the finest for himself, telling him he would make him a present of it. Grant at first was reluctant to accept so valuable a present, but one of the Sultan's officers interposed, telling him he would offend His Majesty by a refusal. He then selected a dapple-gray Arabian steed, and the Sultan formally presented it to him. The Sultan afterward sent it to him at New York, adding to his present another Arabian as black as jet, and as magnificent in form as the one Grant had chosen. The two horses arrived in New York in the latter part of the following year, and sporting men admired them greatly. They were taken to a blacksmith shop to be shod, and many persons came to see them, trying to buy their old shoes, or even the nails, as mementoes. When the horses were taken from the boat to the stable, one of them kicked a spoke from a carriage which they passed, and cost Grant twelve dollars to pay damages. "*Carp,*" *in Cleveland Leader.*

Spring and Summer Bonnets.

Small bonnets remain in favor, but are slightly larger than those of last year. The only changes in shape are the narrow and short crowns used when the hair is dressed high, and the more fully trimmed fronts, which now have a puff of lace or velvet, or else a small inside trimming of lace, bows, or flowers. There are also round and longer crowns for those who wear the low Catogan braid, but the general preference is for the high slender crown that may be cut off square across the top, and is usually curved at the end to show the hair turned upward from the nape of the neck and fringed like a bang, or else with three or four small "scolding locks" curling below.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—One-fifth of the whole population of Switzerland is in the schools.

—If compelled to choose between the two, always prefer a good teacher to a fine school house.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—It is pleasant to see that the sanitary condition of the school-rooms is so frequently a matter of discussion now. And it is to be hoped that the discussion will result in some practical reforms.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—An application for the position of teacher in a school at Lawrence, Kan., could not explain the difference between horizontal and perpendicular and declared that "circular" meant a fur-lined cloak.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Rev. Richard Hartley, of Ogden, Utah, says it is useless to send missionaries to the great territories beyond the Rocky Mountains unless we provide means to build churches on the fields they are to occupy.

—The Roman Catholic churches of the diocese of Massachusetts, under the direction of the Bishop, will hereafter sell seats at every mass. Free seats will be given to those too poor to pay, and ushers will protect those who do pay.—*Boston Post.*

—A lad in the Cambrian deaf and dumb institute, on being asked a question he could not answer, thought for a moment and then wrote on his slate: "Short of information on the subject." Such candor is worthy of imitation.—*Chicago Times.*

—Dr. Philip Schaff states that, while the change of text in the revised edition of the old Testament will be found more numerous than in that of the New Testament, they are less important. He thinks a long time will elapse before another revision is made, and that it will take about a generation for the new revision to crowd out the old Bible.

—A new Christian church is about to be built in Jerusalem. The Germans have obtained possession of the site of the ancient hospital of the Knights of St. John, and arrangements have been made for the erection of a German Protestant church. In this cradle center of Christianity are to be found Greeks, Romanists and Protestants; and Jerusalem presents in miniature divided Christendom.

—The eagerness of the Japanese for the Scriptures the past year, writes Dr. Nathan Brown, from Yokohama, has been astonishing. Four thousand Gospels were disposed of and over 10,000 smaller portions and tracts. Dr. Brown's principal colporteur has sold and distributed over 12,000 books and tracts with his own hands. He is, beside, an exhorter, and never goes among the people without giving them an explanation of his work and what is the object of selling the books. All Japanese Christians, Rev. E. H. Jones writes, own Bibles and read them, always turning to the passages referred to by the preacher in his sermon—not a bad habit for Christians of every race.

—The colored people of Philadelphia have undertaken to raise funds for the establishment of an industrial training school. They claim that while there is no lack of opportunity for the colored youth to study Latin, Greek, astronomy, theology, etc., no provision is made whereby he can learn to make a boot or perfect himself in any industrial avocation. It is high time that something should be done to give colored youth these advantages, and it is especially gratifying to observe that the colored people are taking the matter into their own hands.—*Current.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—After the death of a man at Biddeford, Me., over $10,000 in cash and bonds were found concealed in his bed.

—An illustrated paper tells how sponges are caught. What Americans want to know most is how to get rid of sponges. Here the sponges usually do the catching.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—The sea-serpent has been seen at San Francisco. His head was "crowned with two huge horns." If you will notice it, there is always an intimate relation between horns and the sea-serpent.—*Boston Post.*

—"Are you any relation to my sister?" asked little Johnnie. He blushed and stammered, until the young lady, taking pity on him, solved the matter by saying: "No, but you'd like to be—wouldn't you, Alfred?"—*Detroit Post.*

—The humorous market is dull. We quote coachmen jokes prime, at five to six cents per million; ice-cream jokes, no demand; bank cashier jokes, weak at one to one-and-a-half cents per ton; choice plumber jokes in demand at one dollar to two dollars per ton.—*Lincoln (N. M.) Golden Era.*

—An English lady recently gave a whole ounce of tobacco to every soldier of a regiment about to start for the Soudan. Here is a chance for the men who are always trying to borrow tobacco. Go to England and volunteer for service in Egypt.—*Boston Courier.*

—"Are you enjoying your dinner?" asked Bobby of the new minister, who was taking a Sunday dinner with the family. "Yes, Bobby," responded the minister pleasantly. "Mamma said this morning that she thought you would, as she didn't suppose that with your small salary and big family you got much to eat from one week's end to another."—*N. Y. Times.*

—A negro brought suit in a Mitchell County Justice's court for possession of two shoats and a sow and pigs, and gained it. His lawyer, as soon as the case was decided, settled the fees for himself, Squire A., the lawyer on the other side, and the court. "Well, Jos, Squire A. will take one of the shoats. I'll take the other one, the Judge will take the sow and pigs, and you've gained the case."—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

—"Do you know," said a bashful swain to his sweetheart, "that doctors say there is danger of contracting diseases by kissing?" "Is that so!" she said, with an air of interest. "So they say," he murmured. "do you believe it?" "Well, I haven't much faith in doctors," she replied, blushing furiously; "besides, I've been vaccinated." If that young man ever contracts the heart disease it won't be his fault."—*N. Y. Journal.*

THE DAIRY.

—Cotton may be king; or, Corn may be king; but *the Cow is Queen*, supplying essential wants, necessities and luxuries of life to the mass of civilized humanity, says a correspondent of the New York *Tribune.*

—All persons who have given attention to the matter unite in recommending the liberal use of milk. The necessity of a milk diet for young children is admitted, and the desirability of milk for adults is generally acknowledged.

—Much growling has been the fashion with those who had interests in creameries of late years; but three at least of the creameries of the West—those in Madison County, Iowa—pay to the farmers from $125,000 to $150,000 annually, which is not bad for a business that has been supposed to have had the bottom knocked out of it.

—The cool nights of the fall months are particularly misleading to dairymen. They think, because the nights are cool, there is no need for taking the trouble to cool the milk when first drawn from the cow. No one should ever trust his own feelings as to the condition of the weather. Always consult the thermometer, but even the coldest nights will not save the milk, if it is allowed to remain hot in the cans for any length of time.

—In dairy work all the senses require to be constantly brought into requisition, remarks the *Canadian Breeder.* It is by the exercise of the sense of hearing that the butter-maker learns when to stop churning, or, at any rate, when it is prudent for her to exercise her eyesight in order to verify the evidence of her ears. The sense of smell is probably the most necessary of all in a dairy, but it has this peculiarity of use—that it is chiefly employed in finding out what ought not to exist, and what we do not desire to find—very much like the holes in the old woman's stocking. It is quite needless to tell you how useful is the sense of taste, particularly in enabling you to judge of the quality of your products.

RENNET.

Some Information About an Important Adjunct to Cheese Making.

This is supposed to be the gastric juice from the calf's stomach; but as the stomachs of all milk-eating animals yield rennet of a similar character, it is not so sure but the stomachs of these animals are smuggled in to do duty in the manufacture of the extract now so largely used—especially under the head of "Bavarian," which comprehends all sizes and qualities. These stomachs are called rennets, and the preparation from them, rennet. They are variously prepared—the "Bavarian" by blowing up like bladders—the two ends being tied—and when full of air, salt and stretched on a bow or cross-stick, others are simply filled with salt and hung up to dry. These latter, if exposed to a moist atmosphere, are apt to attract enough moisture to drip and thus waste strength. Another mode of preservation is to pack down in salt, as meat is preserved in barrels. Some object to this method, but I have had good "luck" with rennets saved in this way. When hung up to dry, it should be in a cool, dry place. Heat is bad for them, but freezing and thawing appear to be beneficial—probably by disintegrating the fibre and permitting the secretions to be soaked and washed out more fully. Old rennets are much to be preferred. They make a firmer and more satisfactory curd. Precisely why, I do not know; but the fact is within the experience of every old cheese-maker. When dried, rennets should be tied up in light paper bags, or otherwise made secure against the attack of flies; otherwise they are liable to become fly-blown and wormy. The fourth stomach of the calf is what is saved for its coagulative properties, and this should be done with care. In cutting it from its connections, no portion of the adjoining stomach, or of the intestines, should be included, as it is liable to taint, and has no cheese-making virtue in it. The calf should go without eating long enough to permit the stomach to become completely empty—say from feeding time at night to the next day at noon, when it should be killed. By this time there will be a liberal secretion of gastric juice ready to digest the next meal, and the rennet will be at its fullest strength. Meantime the calf should be kept where it can not get hay, hairs or other substances into its stomach to require cleansing out. If these are in the stomach they should be very carefully picked off when the stomach is turned wrong side out, and great care should be taken not to remove the delicate secretion that lines the stomach. It is difficult to wash the stomach without injuring its strength. It should be emptied of its contents, if there are any, and cleansed, if possible, without washing.—*Rural New Yorker.*

WHY BUTTER DETERIORATES.

The Country Dealer's Complaint that the Commodity is a Drug in the Market.

A correspondent of the Food du Lac *Commonwealth* makes a point on country storekeepers who complain that butter is a drug in the market by showing that it is a fault more or less their own that such is the case. He says: "They do not expect farmers to be able to market a fine gilt-edged article of butter manufactured in filthy surroundings and stored amongst a mass of farm products. It is amusing to watch a dealer stick his nose down to what purports to be butter, trying to detect the one particular objection to its fine aroma. If it should be a fine and desirable article, how long will it remain so in the dealer's hands? He stores it, perhaps, amongst his potatoes, onions, fish, cheese and miscellaneous goods, and then complains if his customers leave it on his hands. Would it not be better for him to provide suitable facilities for storage and grading his stock, buying on merit and selling by grades, and thus attract outside buyers? A little care in these particulars would serve to increase his business, and in the same ratio advance the interests of the farmers with whom he has dealings."